The wanton Wife of BATH.

To the Tune of, Flying Fame.

IN Bath a wanton wife did dwell
as Cancer she doth write,
Who did in pleasure spend her days
in many a fond delight.

Upon a time sore sick she was,
and at the length did dye:
Her soul at last at Heavens gate,
did knock most mightily.

Then Adam came unto the gate,
who knocketh there, quoth he,
I am the wife of Bath she said,
and fain would come to thee.

Thou art a sinner Adam said,
and here no place shall have:
Alas for you, good sir she said,
I owe you but a doting Knave.

I will come in, in spight, she said,
of all such churles as thee:
Thou wast the causer of our woe,
our pain and misery.

And first broke Gods Commandements,
in pleasure of thy wife:
When Adam heard her tell this tale,
he ran away for life.

Then down came Iacob to the gate,
and bids her pack to Hell:
Thou false deceiver, why? said she,
thou maist be there full well.

For thou deceivest thy Father dear,
and thine own brother too:
Away went Iacob presently
and made no more ado.

She knocks again with might and main:
and Lot he chides her straight:
Why then, quoth she, thou drunken ass,
who bids thee here to wait.

With thy two Daughters thou didst lye,
on them two Bastards got:
And thus most tauntingly she chaft
against poor silly Lot.

Who knock there, quoth Iudith then,
with such shrill sounding notes?
Alas fine Minks, you cannot hear,
quoth she, for cutting throats.

Good Lord how Iudith blusht for shame,
when she heard her say so:
King David hearing of the same,
he to the gate did go.

Quoth David who knocks there so loud,
and maketh all this strife?
You were more kind, good sir, she said,
unto Vrias Wife.

And when thou caused thy Servants
in battel to be slain;
Thou caused them more strife then I.
who would come here so fain.

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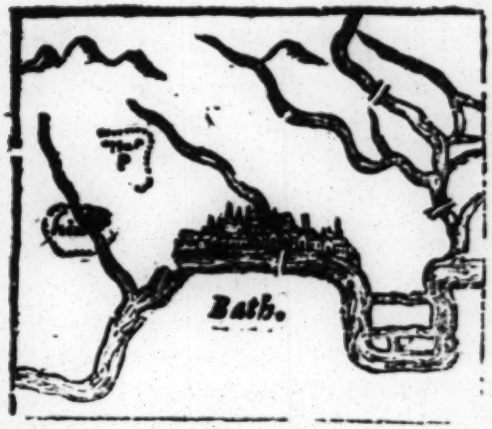
The second part to the same Tune.



The Womans mad said Solomon,
that thus doth taunt a King:
Not half so mad as you, she said
I know in many a thing.

Thou hadst seven hundred wife at once,
for whom thou didst provide:
For all this three hundred whores
thou didst maintain beside.

And those made thee forsake thy God,
and worship stocks and stones,
Besides the charge they put the to
in breeding of young bones.

Hadst thou not been besides thy wits,
thou wouldst not have ventred:
And therefore I do marvel much,
how thou this place have entred.

I never heard, quoth Jonas then,
so vile a scold as this:
Thou whorson Run-away, quoth she
thou diddest more amiss.

I think, quoth Thomas, womens tongues,
of Aspen leaves be made:
Thou unbeleiving wretch, quoth she,
all is not true that's said.

When Mary Magdalen heard then,
did come unto the gate:
Quoth she, good woman you must think,
upon your former state.

No sinner enters in this place
quoth Mary Magdalen, then
Twere ill for you fair Mistris mine
she answered her again.

You for your Honesty, quoth she,
should once been stoned to death:
Had not our Saviour Christ come by
and written on the earth.

It is not by your occupation
you are become Divine:
I hope my soul in Christs passion
shall be as safe as thine.

Then rose the good Apostle Paul,
unto his Wife he said:
Except thou shake thy sins away,
thou here shall be denied.

Remember Paul what thou hast done,
although a lewd desire,
How thou didst persecute Gods Church,
with wrath as hot as fire.

Then up starts Peter at the last,
and to the gate he hies:
Fond fool, quoth he, knock not so fast,
thou weariest Christ with cries.

Peter, said she, content thy self
for mercy may be won,
I never did deny my Christ
as thou thy self hath done.

When as our Saviour Christ heard this,
with Heavenly Angels bright,
He comes unto his sinful soul,
who trembled at his sight.

Of him for mercy she did crave,
quoth he, thou hast refused
My proffer, grace, and mercy both,
and much my name abused.

Woe have I sinned, O Lord, said she,
and spent my time in vain,
But bring me like a wandring sheep,
unto thy flock again.

O Lord my God, I will amend
my former wicked vice;
The thief at the poor silly words
past into Paradise.

My Laws and my Commandements
saith Christ, were known to thee;
But of the same in any wise
not yet one word did re.

I grant the same O Lord quoth she
most lewdly did I live,
But yet the loving Father did
his Prodigal Son forgive.

And I forgive thy soul, he said,
through thy repenting cry;
Come therefore enter into my joys
I will thee not deny.

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